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THE CADAVERIC ALKALOIDS.

Modern pathology divides diseases into two great groups, the infectious and the autogenous, or those introduced from without and those originating within the organism. All diseases are regarded as injuries, using the word in its wide sense, so as to include injuries from mechanical and physical causes, such as wounds, heat, cold and electricity, as well as the injuries that come from poisons or from living things in or upon the body.

Broadly speaking, all of these injuries result in inflammations of various degrees and kinds. Inflammation is the most characteristic and universal of all symptoms of disease, no matter what the cause may be. The inflammation may not be so marked as to show at once pain, heat, redness, swelling and loss of function, the current definition from the time of Celsus; nor need it result in the death of tissues and organs. But inflammation in some form is almost invariably the accompaniment of disease.

The bodies of animals are very uniform in their structure—every part has nerves, blood vessels, the common connective tissue, and the peculiar cells that characterize each tissue, such as muscle cells, gland cells, or nerve cells—hence there is a common groundwork or territory for disease to exhibit itself in, and so whatever the cause of the disease the processes are very few and very constant. That is, while many diseases, with causes known or unknown, are recognized, the processes are few enough to count on the fingers. They are, in brief, alterations in the blood and circulation, disturbances of nutrition, and anomalies and irregularities of growth in tissues and organs.

As a great part of these changes caused by injuries are believed to be due to poisons, the nature of tissue poisons has become one of the most absorbing and fundamental questions in modern pathology. The old definition of the English law, that poisons are "substances capable of seriously affecting health, or destroying life by being applied to or taken into the body," and the classification by medical jurists into irritant, corrosive and neurotic does not at all satisfy the later notions of pathology. Poisons are rather defined as substances capable of injuring the body, either by causing damage to the tissues or by producing functional disturbance. And more refined study constantly decreases the number of so-called functional diseases, the belief being that all disturbance is preceded by or attended with a change in the cells or tissues, even if it cannot be discovered by the eye or microscope.

An immense number of diseases once believed to be spontaneous, or autogenous, or constitutional, are now referred to some direct cause, usually a living vegetable germ, or some poison the germ produces. Among these are anthrax, erysipelas, measles, scarlet fever, small-pox, diphtheria, typhoid, glanders, tubercle, leprosy, syphilis, and even acute rheumatism, lockjaw and pneumonia.

All of these, and many others, have been regarded as germ diseases. Some have been proved so to be; others are assumed to be due to germs from their behavior and analogy, even when no germs have been found. The question of paramount interest, then, has become, How do germs induce disease? and to answer this satisfactorily an amount of laboratory work has been done in France, Germany and the United States that is without precedent in the history of biology. Little has been accomplished in England because of their stupid anti-vivisection laws, which forbid any experiments being made on animals for the good of mankind, and which even drove Lister out of England to demonstrate the theories which have reduced the death-roll in English military and naval hospitals to less than one-third its former rate.

The question as to how germs induced disease remained unanswered until it was proved that germs, by their growth, produced definite chemical poisons, and that the absorption of these poisons is followed by the symptoms of the disease attributed to the germ that produced it. In infectious diseases, or "specific diseases caused by a morbid poison," as they are designated, the poison is formed in the body, but the active agent, the germ, is introduced from without, so the diseases are spoken of as originating outside the body. Their spread is arrested by the destruction of the germ, by isolation and disinfection. The treatment of such diseases consists of attempts to destroy the plant already in the blood or tissues, or, failing to do this, to antagonize the poison and maintain life until the germ, weakened by successive generations of growth, or poisoned by its own products, ceases to manifest its ill-effects and the disease terminates by self limitation, just as yeast stops growing when it has produced so much alcohol as to poison it and stop its growth.

The cadaveric alkaloids or "ptomaines" were so named by Selmi, in 1870, from the Greek word for cadaver, though formed by both plant and animal substances. They are basic vegetable akaloids formed during the putrefaction of organic matter. Many of them are not poisonous; others as much so as aconite or strychnine, which they resemble in reactions—a matter of great importance to toxicologists. They are complex organic products through which tissues, as muscle and brain, pass on their way to become such simple products as carbonic acid, ammonia and water. Hundreds of deaths have been referred to the ptomaines found in poisonous oysters, sausage, ham, canned meats and fruits, cheese, milk and ice-cream. The ptomaine of lockjaw or tetanus has been separated, and, taken into the system, produces the disease. Books have been written upon the subject of ptomaines, and, though in its infancy, it occupies a wide field of pathology, toxicology and sanitary science. No other explanation of the fatality of the germ diseases accords so well with the results of experiment in bacteriological laboratories as the assumption that each poisonous germ is poisonous because of ptomaines secreted by it as a part of its life work while in the body.

A PROMOTER OF DISCONTENT.

The publishers of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" have announced the issue of the one hundred and twelfth thousand; and it is possible that it has been the most widely-read novel of the season. If this reading was due wholly to the fact that it is a work of wonderful originality and power, there could be no cause of criticism. But while the book is full of absorbing interest, it is not because it is a work of fiction, but because of the subject of which it treats—the condition of the human race—that it has been so widely read and is being so generally discussed. As a treatise on economic and social affairs, it is open to serious objection. This objection is intensified when a leading literary man pronounces the work "the Uncle Tom's Cabin of the industrial slavery of to-day," when so practical a woman as Miss Frances E. Willard styles it "a revelation of an evangel," and the conservative but dyspeptic New York Nation proclaims it "a gospel of peace." In time, sensible people who have been reading this fascinating novel will come to see that the remedy its writer prescribes for human ills is so impossible as to be stigmatized as fantastic, as must be the theory which presupposes the elimination of the element of selfishness from the whole human race, or even from communities. Under the conditions which many expect to exist during the millennium, selfishness, which is another name for self-interest, may be outgrown, as are the vanities of youth in mature and experienced age; but the thousand years will be well-nigh spent before the human race will be educated up to the Bellamy remedy. But, in the meantime, a great deal of mischief may be done in causing well-meaning people to be dissatisfied with their lot by being led to expect that something better can be found for them, even if it falls short of Mr. Bellamy's perfect society, ordained by a perfect government. That portion of the book which will remain longest in the mind of the general reader, and which will do him the greatest injury, is its unreal statement of the condition of society, which he represents to be, in its relations to capital and labor, a carriage in which the few favored ones ride, while the many, breathless with the effort, draw the vehicle over miry roads. For the great mass of humanity Mr. Bellamy leaves no hope. Now and then one of the crowd may leave the drag-rope and succeed in pulling one of the passengers from his place and leap into it himself; but, as a rule, those at the rope must remain there in a condition of servitude and every way utterly hopeless. To toil for one's bread, or to support and educate one's family by daily toil, is a hardship and a great injustice, because all the real results of this effort go to the benefit of those who ride.

Thousands of people who read Mr. Bellamy's book may not, and will not, take time to ascertain how far his statement of the relation of capital to labor is from the fact, but they will assume that it is a true one. Consequently, they will come to regard all labor as distasteful, their lives to be joyless, and their employers as their enemies. If Mr. Bellamy's presentation of the relation of the mass of people to the few is correct, his inexperienced readers have a right to assume that their employers are heartless taskmasters; as one of those who applaud the work puts it, they are in a condition of "industrial slavery."

What must be the effect of this sort of teaching? To create discontent and sow the seed of animosities which make capital and all labor fighting foes. All denounce Denis Kearney as an inciter of sedition, and denounce Herr Most as the foe of society because he advocates socialistic heresies. We would consign to prison those anarchistic leaders in Chicago who hiss the American flag, because they are the enemies of established law and order. Mr. Bellamy appeals to a more intelligent and conscientious element, but is not his appeal designed to do the same thing with his audience that Kearney's rant did with San Francisco's sand-lot crowds? Both represent conditions which do not exist, both practically stigmatize the employer of labor and all who are not wage-workers as unfeeling extortioners.

Mr. Bellamy's audience will not resort to violence to accomplish deliverance, but their hearts will be filled with bitterness, and their efforts will be enervated by discontent, and in that way they will cease to be good citizens and hopeful people.

The condition of humanity is not what it should be, nor what we believe it will be in the progress of events, but the better state of things will not come through misrepresenting the relations of capital and labor. Progress is being made—the wage-earner to-day enjoys greater comfort and luxury than did kings two centuries ago. That progress is due to greater intelligence, better laws and broader teachings—to the reverse of what one finds in Mr. Bellamy's book. Better things must come from higher education, from the diminution of the expensive vices which burden labor, and from genuine Christian teachings—not from misrepresentation and fantastic remedies.

DANGEROUS LITERATURE.

A moral infection is just as apt to spread as a physical one, under favoring conditions. The keen sanitary surveillance exercised to prevent the one should be extended to the other.

The highest authorities upon communicable diseases believe that the *primum movens* are organisms which nourish themselves at the expense of the organic substance.

Fatalism in fiction, the inculcation of an emasculated morality, the false and fantastic views of life, and the indecencies which are the chief characteristics of some much-talked-of books are the *contagium vivum* of that moral poison which finds in the ardent imagination of young and impressionable minds a suitable cultivating medium. As the resistance to evil becomes less and less effective through the slow trituration of mental forces, the morbifical power of this moral infection becomes greater; it leads to a deadlier death than that of the body.

The latitudinarianism and Swinburnism of some of our contemporary novelists and poets who have gained permanent place among the gods of the bookshelves, prepared the way for the passion-lit romances and flame-colored poems which call for the severe condemnation of the reviewer. It is sad, indeed, to see the dangerous taint creeping into respectable quarters, among the upper-tendom of the literary world, and to note in some of our princes of the pen the centrifugal tendencies and cynical coarseness which tear away the decent draperies placed by modern civilization over the morbid developments and cancerous growths of immorality. These very tendencies, rioting in the inflamed imaginations of some female writers and their virile brethren, have produced those obnoxious and salacious works of the erotic school which evidence an absolute perversion of the creative faculty, unpardonable inspirations and mental inebriety. The craving for notoriety, and the almost universal passion for money-getting, will partly explain why some persons are willing to barter their self-respect for a malodorous reputation.

That there are some writers who are led by the strenuousness of their convictions to wage a pitiless warfare upon what is corrupt and corrupting by exposing it, no one will deny. It may be questioned whether much is gained in that way, even though the writers are actuated by high moral purpose, and are discerning, analytic and clairvoyant for the upholding of vigorous virtue. By them, vice is mapped as a stern and rock-bound coast; they point out the dangerous reefs and ledges whereon many have made shipwreck of life, and throw the electric light of truth upon the storm-swept sea of the soul, so that the path of safety may be distinctly indicated. All honor to the Comstocks of literature; those who question the wisdom of their methods cannot impugn their motives or sincerity.

But that special plea will not avail those writers whose miasmatic productions outline a lotus land of vice, which, like the maremma in Italy, breeds fever and pestilence. The reader follows the flame of emotion through a sort of mental mirage, and when his bewilderment is at its height brings up at the inevitable moral hospital, lazaretto, or dissecting-room. Even nineteenth century robustness recoils with the shock of instant revolt from the Mr. Incouls and Mr. Mistrials of new literature.

If the so-called society novels accurately photographed the representatives of cosmopolitan culture, we might look for the speedy disintegration of the social organism. They discuss the exotic vices of a hot-house existence, such as is led, they would fain persuade us, by our social luminaries. While purporting to describe the alleged customs of the best society, they make their characters transgress many of the canons of conventionality and good taste, and set at naught most rules of discretion and decorum; they live in a sultry and lurid atmosphere of passion, but have no moral vertigoes, when, like society Blondins, they are trying to keep their balance upon an exceedingly narrow plank of propriety spanning the unutterable, or when, standing upon the brink of crime, in fact, the moral sense seems atrophied. The loves, lures, and social campaigns of men and women who skim over the thin ice of conventionality which threatens to give way at any moment, the catastrophic end of lives of license, the distorted characters presented in all their revolting realism, teach the worst of lessons, the logical outcome of which would be a severance of all the ties which hold men and women together. The assumption is that the good are merely so because of their environment; that, if subjected to temptation, they would inevitably succumb; that opportunity is the forcing-house which brings base passions into noxious life and germinates criminal situations. The dangerous doctrine that "breed is stronger than pasture" is strongly emphasized. We are taught by implication that our boasted nineteenth century civilization and Christianity, with the abundant intellectual and moral pasturage they have provided, are powerless to cope with inherent and inherited tendencies. They say, in effect: "Let us eat, drink and have a good time, for to-morrow we die; and death is annihilation. We are not free agents; we are the product of heredity and the sport of the wind of destiny, blown about on the stream of time. Let us drift with the tide." In an age in which any book that is talked about is read with avidity by the multitude, the evil accomplished by works of this class is incalculable. They are concentrated distillations of moral poison—powerful corrosives, eating their way into the precious treasures of the life spiritual.

Literature has its solstice, which it should not cross; those who pass it are in danger of extinction. The writers who give the Rembrandt effect of a dark back-ground to all their delineations of social life, who, in the triumph of ignorance and of candor without decency, drag their readers through depths of defilement and abasement, deadening their virtuous sensibilities by administering a sort of moral opium, are Philistines upon whose unjustifiable methods a war of extermination should be waged. The public should not be invited to autopsies, neither should the nauseating revelations of a divorce court be filtered through the pages of a novel. When publishers begin to rely upon the statements "somewhat broad"—"a little indecent" as the open sesames to an enormous sale of an advertised work, it is time that an enlightened public sentiment should put them in quarantine. Sporadic outbreaks of indecency may not threaten an epidemic; but the end cannot always be foreseen from the beginning, and precautionary measures are in order. Alarmists, in this case, are public benefactors.

DELIGHTFUL OCTOBER.

No resident of the city, however deeply absorbed in business, but desires a certain degree of enjoyment from these golden October days. The senses can hardly be so dulled that the soft and balmy autumn air does not stir them and the season's sights and sounds that penetrate even city streets rouse them out of their torpor. But it is out of town that the season is at its best. Thorough enjoyment and appreciation of the Indian summer can only be had when in sight of the forests in their brilliant array, and in wandering through fields yet untouched of winter, but bearing sign that the year's work is done. Not every one can have this privilege, but some who cannot go can bring the country to them. Blessed is the man or woman whose childhood was spent among rural scenes. None among the "beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall" will be fairer or more dearly treasured than the recollections of this crowning month of the year. To the careworn, worldworn man at his desk comes a vision of woods in a glory of color; of a carpet of rustling leaves, among which falling nuts hide themselves; of fields, not yet brown, over which a haze hangs that dims the sunlight until it vanishes in the shadows of the far-off blue hills. Almost he can hear the chatter of the bright-eyed squirrels that dispute his right to their harvest of nuts; almost can hear the whistle of the "bob-white," and the whirr of its wings as it rises before him. He sees the cornfields, with the "fodder in the shock;" the cows ruminative in a double sense, as if musing on luscious pastures gone with the green summer. He sees the orchard with boughs bare, and heaps of red and yellow fruit piled beneath. He sees the house, low and brown, that was his home; his dreams went far beyond it then—dreams that have been more than realized, perhaps—but looking back over the years he beholds it as a haven of rest, of love and peace that did not follow him when dreams came true. Over all the picture is the glamour of light-hearted youth, and as the man wakens to the thought that quite the same charm no longer lingers for him in the woods and fields, even could he be among them, he shivers and closes the window, feeling a touch of frost in the air.

A FORCEFUL CREDENTIAL.

In times of political agitation, amid the clash and clangor of party recrimination, there is mingled, not infrequently, so soothing a drop of the grotesque and humorous as to revive faith in the supposition that the All-wise Powers are not above distributing balm even to the most offensive and conscienceless of partisans. A case in point is found in an incident vouched for by the New York Tribune. A woman, who had long been a persistent but unsuccessful applicant for a position under government, recently made a final appeal to Secretary Noble, accompanied by a gift in the form of an elaborately-decorated pincushion and pair of perfume bottles covered with embroidered silk. The donor of this unique present evidently hoped and expected that it would tumble plump upon a tender spot in the Secretary's heart, and win her case; but the unfeeling clerks in the outer office—women, perhaps, who are said to be amazingly inconsiderate of each other's sentimentalities—bundled up the offering and returned it to the applicant with a diplomatic note, keeping the Secretary, it is stated, in total ignorance of what had been withheld. Naturally, the composition of men with offices in their gift cannot be infallibly argued from their names; but it is certainly not unreasonable to presume that, had the official gentleman been exposed to the pathetic eloquence of the fat pincushion and the hand-embroidered bottles—one covered with forget-me-nots, no doubt, and the other harboring a stork standing on one leg, in touching reference to the patient attitude of politicians who wait—something would have given way. The novelty of the argument must have lent it force. The male office-seeker assails the fortress of his desires with such stereotyped weapons—long documentary credentials, favorable individual mention, influential letters, personal eloquence and impression, emphasized, perhaps, by fine cigars and a judicious mixture of good dinners. With the commonplace feminine aspirant for office, doubtless, similar documental influence is wielded, garnished, mayhap, with the feminine shafts of attractive appearance and gentle, and even tearful, appeals, which have been rumored to possess effectiveness. In the case quoted, however, how commendably original the argument. No administration on record has ever been approached by the pin-cushion route. Bottles of various kinds have been accused of political animus, but the perfume-bottle has hitherto stood before the Nation wrapped in the solitude of its awful non-partisan grandeur. The innocuousness of the bribe, if such it must be called, palliates all possible offensiveness. The most fallible of men could not make much of a beast of himself in the contemplation of a pin-cushion, and the soul-deadening influence of two empty satin cologne-bottles is hardly worth mentioning.

Taken by and large, it is the general opinion that Secretary Noble's clerks were in error when they intercepted these arguments. As psychologized from a distance, the would-be donor of the pin-cushion would have made an admirable postmaster in a small town. It is deducible from her trend to fancy-work that her surroundings would have been kept tidily and decoratively, as befits a great nation, whose first lady paints on china. Under her improved conditions, no doubt, she would have embroidered the regalia of her office with heart's-ease instead of forget-me-nots; and the leg-weary stork would have been superseded by the reposeful setting hen. Animadversion upon the unalterable is unavailing, but to all just and unbiased minds the non-appointment of the lady-of-the-pincushion is a distressing reflection upon the sagacity of the administration.

It is probably true, as some novelist has asserted, that every woman, whatever her qualities and condition in life, has at some time in her career an opportunity to marry, but an infallible receipe for attaining matrimony seems to be that of going on the stage, and the rule is equally good whether applied to man or woman. If you become an actor or actress you are bound to marry sooner or later, and, as a general thing, both sooner and later. By some curious fatality stage people are seized with matrimonial fever at frequent and inopportune periods, the existence of a husband or wife forming no check to their aspirations. Apparently, too, age cannot be depended on to cool their ardor or subdue their propensities. There is Maggie Mitchell, for instance, who has danced herself along the generations until she dances now in a grandmother's shoes. When, a short time ago, she divorced herself from the father of her numerous progeny, no paragrapher was found so flippant as to suggest the possibility that she might console herself with another husband. But this very thing she has done, and doubts will no longer exist concerning future events when a theatrical divorce is obtained, or husbands and wives of stage-folk are removed by natural causes. Marriage of the survivors is inevitable, under such circumstances, and no one, though tottering on the verge of the grave, can escape. If any young man can be found so modest as to doubt that any woman will marry him for the asking, let him become an actor; if any maiden is unwilling to take the chances of ordinary life, let her follow his example. Both will be provided for with liberality, as to numbers, if not the qualities of the partners.

There is a demand in St. Louis for better accommodations and a more liberal expenditure of money for the pupils of the lower grades in the public schools. Statistics show that in that city five out of six children drop out of school after an attendance of four years. For this reason greater attention should be given to the younger students, in order that they may have full benefit of the time they can devote to educational purposes. Complaint is made that there is too much outlay for architectural display and for educational fancy work, that only the few can profit by. The children of the lower grades are crowded together in a way making it impossible for the over-worked teachers to give them individual attention. More teachers and more room are called for, even if a limitation of high-school privileges be the consequence. The situation in St. Louis is similar to that of most large cities, and while nothing has been accomplished in the way of dividing the expenses more evenly, the tendency to simplify the public school course, by dropping or modifying the high-school department, is everywhere prominent. Where the advanced studies cannot be carried on without injustice to the pupils of other classes, it is plain that the desired modification must be made sooner or later.

Three-card monte sharks, "shell-workers," and others of that delectable ilk seem to have reaped a rich harvest among the farmers of Paoli during a recent visit of a circus to that locality. This is what comes of farmers neglecting to read a daily paper and keep up with the times. One man lost over $700, and others dropped amounts ranging from $5 to $70. This money would have supplied the losers and all their relatives for years with a daily paper, which, aside from posting them upon the devices of the wicked, would have furnished them a vast amount of valuable information and entertaining reading. Now is the time to subscribe.

There is an evening-up in the matter of weather from one season to another that chronic grumblers ought to consider. The chances are, however, such is the contrariety of human nature, that not one of those who growled over the late, wet spring of this year, is giving thanks for this beautiful October, or looks upon it as a compensation for earlier discomfort. We take our blessings as a matter of course and reserve the right to growl without stint at what fails to please our exacting taste in the ordering of affairs.

If any one person could possibly absorb all the information outlined in the programme of any of the literary clubs and classes, such person would be possessed of astounding wisdom; but, fortunately, no human brain is equal to it. Fortunately, because the walking encyclopedia is a misery to himself because of what he doesn't know, and a terror to his associates because of the knowledge he has.

A New York author has forestalled the critics by publishing a criticism of his own book, now in press, from advance sheets. The novelty of this scheme is not likely to make it popular. The man who talks about himself or his works is always liable to the suspicion of being prejudiced.

Secretary Blaine should issue a peremptory order that the Pan-American visitors shall be at once removed from Chicago when any citizen of that town approaches them with a question about the world's fair. It would be speedier justice to shoot the Chicagoan who attempts thus to make life a burden to the delegates, but perhaps the other course would be wiser.

The present leader of the Chicago Anarchists says he would like to see the Mayor drum him out of town. Here is at least one point upon which respectable people and the Anarchist can agree.

Speaking of the what-would-you-do-if-you-were-a-man question, it was an unfeeling woman who said she supposed she would make a fool of herself just like any other man.

BREAKFAST-TABLE CHAT.

The Prince of Wales has been obliged to cut off his cigarettes.

Rev. Dr. Frederick Upham, of Fairhaven, Mass., who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on the 4th inst., has been in the ministry for nearly seventy years.

A new company, in which Thomas A. Edison is largely interested, has been organized to manufacture dolls on a large scale. It will turn out 250,000 the first year.

The payment of the debts of the late King of Bavaria will not be completed until 1905. They are now being paid off out of the Bavaria civil list at the rate of $275,000 a year.

James G. Blaine, jr., has returned to Waterville, Me., and resumed work in the machine shops of the Maine Central railroad, where he is busily engaged in learning his trade.

Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard proposes to erect in New York a large seven-story fireproof structure and present it to the Young Woman's Christian Association, to be used as a lodging-house and home for working-women.

Previous to last week Bismarck had not attended an opera or a concert for twenty years. He has not been inside of a church except strictly on business, for a much longer time, nor has he put himself on exhibition in any foreign country.

When the Pope recently received a letter from Harvard University in acknowledgment of some presents which he had sent it, he read the communication out aloud, slowly, and expressed his admiration of the classical Latin in which it was written.

The Eiffel tower came high, but the stockholders are glad they have it, as it has paid its cost, about $1,000,000, and handsome dividends besides. As it will be permanent, it is likely to prove a very handsome investment for those who backed the aspiring architect.

The latest reports from Stanley are that he is content with staying in African wilds for a time. He says he has done enough for glory, and is now after a fortune. His last "discoverer" says the explorer is amassing ivory enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his life.

An eminent educator, at the Social Science Association, said: "If I were to choose two hundred young men for college, I would not look for them in wealthy families. I would select those who have been brought up to work, because they have learned the value of time."

Emma Abbott is reported to have recently said: "Do you know, I have never been in better voice than now. Sorrow seems to have developed new tones; to have deepened, and strengthened, and mellowed them. I am offered larger terms from managers than I have ever had before."

C. Avery Orr, who accompanies the United States eclipse expedition to Africa, will leave the expedition at the coast, and, accompanied by five black and five white men, all fully armed, will strike out for the interior, visiting many of the native tribes, whose manner of living he will closely observe.

Edward Ponti, of New York, who says he was once a justice of the peace in Pennsylvania, and is well versed in law, medicine and civil engineering, who speaks all the modern languages fluently, and has been all over the world, wants to be Italian interpreter at Castle Garden at a salary of $1,000 per annum.

After the Stuarts, the Tudors are to have a chance, for there will be a Tudor exhibition of paintings and all sorts of relics at the new galleries in London this winter. Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth—their period was abundant in art—and there are a number of Hans Holbein's best works to be exhibited.

Rebecca Harding Davis writes in the Independent: "I heard the other day of an old negress in Boston who said to her children, 'Don't look down on your people, because you have education. God gave you education to lift them up. Don't spend your lives tryin' to be mistaken for white folks. It's your business to be black.'"

M. Osiris, who gave the prize of 100,000 francs for the most useful work in the Exhibition, has a mania for statues, and proposes to erect many in Paris. He will not hear to putting up an effigy of any one whom he has not known personally, and declares that he erects statues chiefly because he likes to meet in his walks the well-known faces of his former friends.

John D. Rockefeller, who is known as the "Petroleum King," is fifty-two years old, tall, thin, dyspeptic-looking. His face is long, his nose prominent, his mouth large. A few years ago he was a poor man, and started out in life with $300 capital, borrowed from a confiding friend; with this amount he set up as a dealer in wood and coal. His wealth is now estimated at $30,000,000.

Prof. Tyndall has returned to England much improved by his sojourn among the Alps. He has suffered greatly from insomnia. Professor Tyndall is a pretty lively climber for a man of his years. He is in his seventieth year. His first exploration of the Swiss glaciers was made thirty-three years ago, but not for love of adventure; it was for love of science. His object was to determine glacier motion, and he found, as he expected, that it was on the move—in fact, very fast.

King Dinah, the Senegambian who made a sensation in Paris, has started for his native land in a precarious condition. His constitution has been wrecked by his life in the French capital. He did very well until the Shah of Persia reached Paris, but after he had hobnobbed with the king of kings Dinah seemed to lose his head. He dissipated in a hundred different ways, and his stalwart frame seemed to defy fatigue. Suddenly he collapsed—nobody knows just why. His Parisian friends never expect to see him again.

George B. McClellan, the son of the renowned General, has been appointed treasurer-auditor of the Brooklyn Bridge Company, at a yearly salary of $4,000. Mr. McClellan is about twenty-six years old, and is a graduate of Princeton. He became a reporter about three years ago, and is now the Wall-street news-gatherer for the New York Herald. In a few weeks he is to marry Miss Georgia Heckscher, daughter of John Heckscher, the well-known club man, at Newport. He is also a member of Governor Hill's staff, with the rank of colonel.

Mrs. Kate Chase has almost dropped out of notice during the last few years. She is still as brilliant in conversation, as charming in manners, and exquisitely cultivated as in the old days when she was the proud daughter of the chief-justice of the United States, the unrivaled queen of Washington society, whose good word was a passport to social recognition. While in New York, not long since, she, who a few short years ago, was the proud mistress of a princely establishment, with troops of menials obsequious to do her bidding, was living in a modest lodging in a side street, with "none so poor to do her reverence."

The carriage of the President is still driven by Albert Hawkins, whose shiny black face does not look half as prominent in the Harrison dark-green livery as it did in the Cleveland cream broadcloth. They say that the old man would willingly resign his proud position on the box if the President would get him a nice soft berth in one of the departments, where he would not be exposed to bad weather. The Harrisons know by experience what a beacon Hawkins is on the presidential carriage to everybody on the streets, and they are not willing yet to part with him in that capacity.